

## Master Chief vs Aliens vs Predator, Part one

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Summary: On The Death planet Hel 13-9, an ancient secret guarded by the Predators lays dormant, waiting to be awakened and released. The Master Chief and his band of UNSC Marines and the UNSC Navy must beat the clock to stop a secret Covenant Cult from unleashing

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Planet: Hel 13-9

> Sector: Alpha, Swamp #534<br> Date: April 30, 2552

> Time: 9:27 Military Time.<p>

The swamp that covered half of the planet was beginning to annoy Sergeant Major A. J. Johnson. The biting insects, the venomous reptiles, the Covenant patrols. It seemed like the whole damn planet was out to kill him. "Well then," he said to himself, "they can try." He looked at the green armored Navy soldier beside him, then looked away with indifference. He had fought beside the Master Chief long enough to have gotten used to him. He turned his attention now to the captured Drone in the middle of two guards. The enormous insect had been caught in the last battle with the Covenant sect known as the Order of Light, so called because of their peculiar ship weapons that fired a beam of pure light that could destroy a planet. The Drone tried to flap it's chained wings. It cursed at the marines in an alien language, but thanks to the transcomm unit inside his head, the Sergeant understood the creature perfectly. It said, "Pray that the Order kills you before I get free and do so." Johnson raised his battle rifle and shot the creature in the leg. It screamed in pain, but the wound was quickly regenerating the lost flesh. As if attracted by the screams of their comrade, several dozens of Drones appeared over the tops of the swamp trees. Johnson put an unlit cigar in his mouth and began to pick off the Drones one by one. After several minutes of firing at the Drones, 3/4 of their number were dead or dying, the others retreating as fast as they could fly. Johnson approached the carcass of one only to be repelled by the horrifying stench of the dead alien. "Damn," he cried. "what the hell did this thing crawl out of?!"

> "The same planet you've got your feet on Sarge," replied the Master Chief, in good humor.<br> "I knew somethin' wasn't right about this place"

> Suddenly, the Master Chief stopped in his tracks. He stared straight ahead at something Johnson had not yet seen or heard. As Johnson turned around his mouth dropped open nearly to the swamp mud. What he saw he could scarcely believe. In the middle of a clearing, tens of dozens of Elites and Predators were battling to the death. Some closed into close combat, with plasma blades and dual wrist blades clashing and sending sparks everywhere, while others attacked the enemy with plasma rifles and plasma casters. It seemed to be a stalemate between the two opposing forces, until several Ghosts and a single Banshee burst from the tree cover to assist the Elites. At first, the vehicles appeared to be turning the tide for the Elites, but the blades and plasma weapons of the Predators soon eliminated all but the Banshee. The pilot quickly picked out a single target and, seeing it completely alone dove to crush it. The Predator merely stood there as the aircraft came closer. Suddenly he leaped in the air to alight upon the front of the Banshee. He moved quickly and severed the anti-grav pods on either side of the wing of the aircraft, and held on as tight as he could as the Banshee plummeted like a rock. At the last moment both the Banshee pilot and the Predator jumped off. The Banshee then crashed and exploded, knocking both creatures to the ground, unconscious. Meanwhile, the Predators and Elites had killed each other. The last fight had been between an Elder and a Field Master. They engaged in close quarters combat and each one struck a deadly blow to the other, yet neither would succumb to death. Finally the Elite beheaded the Elder, but not before the Elder shoved his spear through the Elite. As the Elite lay down, he muttered, "I have served my purpose, now lead me to the light." Seconds later, he was dead.<p>

Johnson and his marines had observed the entire event from the cover of a low hill. They now crept forward to investigate the battlefield. As they moved on, Johnson heard a moan of pain. his head snapped toward the sound, and what he saw amazed him. The pilot Elite was slowly crawling toward the unconscious Predator, a plasma grenade held in his left hand. As it approached within a foot of the Predator, it primed the grenade. Johnson quickly leapt forward and seized the grenade from the Elite, who was shocked into a stupor by the sudden appearance of the human. Johnson turned and threw it as far as he could away from his men and the Extraterrestrials. The Elite roared in rage and pain as it tried to lift itself up from the muck of the swamp. Johnson quickly knocked it unconscious with the butt of his gun. "Sweet dreams, Butt face," he said to the Elite, as it sank back into the stagnant water. He stooped to lift the head of the Elite out of the water to prevent it from drowning. He called for help from the marines, and when they had lifted both the Predator and the Elite out of the mud, he called for an evac. "Alright boys," he said to the marines, " You better thank these bastards when they wake up, 'cause they're your ticket out of this swamp." After he said that, he took a new cigar out of his pocket, put it in his mouth, and lit it. He smoked the cigar as he thought of the leave time he and his men would earn for capturing a Covenant Elite AND a War Caste Predator. He thought of the nurses that waited back at base, lonely and in need of company. He smiled. "Yep," he thought to himself, "life is good in the Corps."

Location: Covenant Prophet Ship,  
> Divine Path.<p>

Time: Twenty-Fifth unit, Day of the Zealot, Ninth Age of Reclamation

The Honor Guard Brutes protecting the Noble Prophets Of Truth, Anger And Vigilance, bowed as the son of Tartarus, late Chieftain of the Brutes, entered the room. He, in turn, knelt before the three Prophets. "Arise, Hades," Spoke the Prophet of Truth. The Brute slowly rose from where he knelt, and said, "Noble Prophets, Since the Schism of the Covenant, the Brute numbers have dwindled. The Jackals and Drones are not powerful allies, and the humans easily kill them." "Do not worry," answered Truth. "We have the aid you seek, and we will reveal it at the right moment."

Location: Marine Hospital Base "Mercy"

Sector: Alpha-Romeo

Date: April 30

Time: 22:27

Gar'ron slowly awoke from the sleep near death. He stared in blank amazement at the whitewashed walls of the Navy Hospital complex. He remembered destroying the Banshee, and then everything went dark. He did not know how he had arrived here, or how he was still alive. He did know that he was in trouble. he tried to move his right arm, but he realized that he couldn't. He looked down and realized he was strapped to an operating table. Suddenly a sharp pain shot through his left arm. He turned to look at it, but he saw only a bloody stump. He had only experienced what is known as phantom pains. He screamed in horror, for to lose an arm was one of the worst dishonors a Predator could ever endure. He scanned the room once more, in a fit of frenzy. He saw his mask lying not two feet away from his head. He tested the strength of the leather straps that bound him. They were too strong to break, but they could still be cut. He clenched his fist and extended his blades, slowly cutting the straps off of him. Once he was free, he grabbed his mask, snapping it on and running a check on his health, his heartbeat was extremely elevated, but it would soon slow down. His plasma caster had been left on, for the humans realized that any weapon attached to the body of the predators, if removed, would send the creature into cardiac arrest. He charged a Plasma bolt and released it. The ensuing explosion blew a hole in the wall big enough for two men to fit through. Several startled marines waited outside the door. They drew their battle rifles and attempted to fire, but they were quickly dispatched by the furious Xeno. With a bloodthirsty roar, Gar'ron stalked off to find his weapons, and the human responsible for this atrocity.

Location: Order of Light Covenant Flagship "Trial of Faith". holding orbit over Hel 13-9

Date: May 1

Time: 3:15 Mil.

Reports of small arms fire could be heard throughout the ship. Jackals stumbled backwards and fell, their shields dissolving into nothingness, Elites screamed in agony and rage as their bodies were

swarmed by the small, fleshy orbs that were quickly overwhelming the ship. The only safe place was the Bridge, located in the center of the ship, and even that was losing it's safety. the sound of rending metal, the smell of burnt flesh, the blue and purple blood slowly seeping through cracks in the door. It was enough to drive anyone mad. And slowly, one Grunt was slowly becoming insane. Nanog stared at the Commander Elite. He loathed the beast. He had beat poor Nanog when Nanog made a mistake. Now, Nanog would have his revenge. Slowly, Nanog unscrewed the gas holder on the outside of his armor. Methane gas quickly leaked out of the Bio-suit, filling the air inside the chamber. Nanog quickly inhaled one last time and screamed at the commander.

> "Turn around, Chu-ped!"<br> The Elite whipped around, appalled that an underling would call an officer such a foul name. As he turned, he saw that the Grunt was holding a plasma grenade in his hand.

> "What are you doing, worm," He asked, now feeling a twinge of fear.<br> "One, I am getting revenge. Two, I am saving myself from the Flood."

> With that, he primed the grenade, Stuck it to himself, then latched onto the elite. Those three seconds seemed to take hours. As the grenade exploded, the doors of the Bridge exploded outward, pinning down several flood combat forms and popping other infection forms. Flames rushed outward, Igniting the zombie like beasts. Suddenly, the ship tilted downward, rapidly descending through the atmosphere to crash on the planet. Amidst the rubble, nothing moved. It seemed as if nothing could have survived the crash. But, in one spot, there was movement. Suddenly, from beneath the crumbled metal, A hand shot out. The flood were on the planet, and no creature was safe.<p>

Location: Temple of the Demons, Hel 13-9.

Date: May 1

Time:9:23

Hades slowly advanced through the temple, his Gravity hammer in his hand. A small retinue of Jackals stood with him, their vulture like forms hunched in a defensive stance. He had brought them along as a sacrifice to the demons, the ultimate weapons of the Forerunners. He would send them ahead, then get to the outside as quickly as possible. Soon, they all came to a sealed door. Inscribed in the ancient language of the Forerunners, It read "If you enter without the means to control the beasts, you risk your mind, body and soul." The Jackals began to fidget, their anxiety growing with every moment. The door slowly opened, as if an unseen force were controlling it. One jackal by the name of Mak peered inside the dark space. As he looked around to see if it was clear, a white form, much like a hand with extra fingers, approached out of the darkness. Mak was about to tell the others about it when it leapt on his face. He fell backwards into the others, trying to scream and struggling with the creature on his face. As the others tried to help him, Hades turned and stalked off. the weapon, and the Covenants time of Godhood, were soon in coming.

End  
file.